

the SPIRIT of EASTER



EASTER BELLS

At this glorious season, the glad Easter tide, when "all things are made new," I come to you, my dear girls, with a suggestion. Several weeks ago I was writing of the "oil of courtesy," and this morning the "wine of cheerfulness" is on my lips and in my heart. The world of nature, at this season particularly, teaches us the joy of living. The world around us, with budding trees and blossoming flowers, with the call of birds and the music of rippling streams, preaches to us the gospel of cheerfulness.

It is a feminine instinct to desire to be attractive, and a womanly duty to be as charming and as pretty as one can be. When you put on your Easter gown and pin on your Easter flowers, do not forget to anoint your face with the wine of cheerfulness and put into your eyes a few drops from that same magic cruse. Cheerfulness is a greater beautifier than anything to be found in the pharmacopoeia of the chemist.

Some of you may say, "I have nothing to be cheerful for."

Surely this cannot be on this morning, commemorative of the resurrection of "the Lord of Life and Love." Think if there is not something to be thankful for, even in the face of what seems the gloomiest prospect. So often the things we dread turn out so much better than we expected. In this world we generally get what we are looking for. It is just as easy to look for things to be cheerful over, as to look for things to fret about.

Another thing about this cheerfulness is that it is contagious. Go down to the breakfast-table, having loved your face in this mine of cheerfulness, and see how your coming will brighten up the family circle. If they have not felt particularly happy before, your coming will be as a ray of sunshine.

The cheerful girl always makes friends. There is always a welcome for the bearer of "preserved sunshine," otherwise the mine of cheerfulness. This grace is worth cultivating from the point of expediency, and how much more it is worthy of cultivation for its own sake, for its beneficent influence upon our own personality. The habit of cheerfulness, once acquired, is a priceless possession. Working from within, it finally comes to the surface, reflecting itself in the face, smoothing away the lines made by fretfulness, and giving to a plain face a beauty of its own. As an Easter gift to yourselves, girls, place upon your toilet table the mine of cheerfulness.

At the risk of being accused of "preaching," there is another thing to which I want to call the attention of you girls this morning.

Every girl has her Easter flowers, sent perhaps, by masculine friends. This is as it should be, a pretty custom and a delicate attention, and not necessarily an expensive one. But to many of you will come gifts, the intrinsic value of which is something considerable. This custom of expensive gifts is a tax on the not too plentiful pocket-book of many a young man. As long as you girls accept these gifts, the men will send them to you, although they may groan in secret over their depleted bank accounts. I have heard of one girl who

is self-sacrificing enough to accept nothing more valuable than flowers and candy from her friends, and these same friends rise up and call her "blessed." Of course, some men are able to make expensive gifts, but where one is able, nine are not. To be in Rome and not do as the Romans, is a thing impossible in society, or at least requiring more moral courage than most young men possess. Many a young fellow is reduced to the alternative of giving up society, which he enjoys, or of going in debt to pay his necessary (?) expenses. What one does, all must do. If a girl accepts presents from a rich man, her friends in moderate circumstances feel that they also must give her handsome gifts, and so the trouble grows, until the young man is loaded down with debt, or what is worse, indulges in rash speculation (alas sometimes using his employer's funds) in order to keep up his social position.

You girls have the remedy in your own hands. Why not band yourselves together, with a pledge to accept no presents, save flowers and candy? It would be a pious deed.

If I flattered myself that a man even

so much as glanced at this column, I would say a word to the husbands this morning. How many of you thought to send the partner of your joys and sorrows an Easter posy? Do you not know that true woman ever entirely merges the sweetheart in the wife? May a gray-haired woman see in the bald-headed husbands the sweetheart of days gone by. To them, the little attentions of sweetest days are doubly precious, and the heart of no fair maid, decked with costly orchids, throbs so fondly as does that of the wife, who wears a modest breast-knot of simple flowers, a love-token from the man she loved and married many years ago.

These (so-called) little things are worth the trouble, husbands, for they strengthen. "The silver link, the silken tie, Which heart to heart 't' a can bind."

DAME DUREN.

Imprisoned in the shell, Arg echoes of the far off ocean's roar. May not these hopes of immortality, That deep within us dwell, Instinctive to the soul and ever more Imprisoned in our hearts—may not they Echoes of waves from an immortal shore?



PINK SILK DRESSING JACKET.

With cluster of tucks and lace trimming.

Exquisite Gowns for Fair Women.

BY MAY MANTON.

Whatever the season may lack in novelty of design it affords an unprecedented range of choice and shows combinations and color effects that are so new as to make one forget, for the time being, that the form remains much the same. The latest fashion is to make the dress a piece of embroidery, silk and the dainty filmy summer stuffs are used in a thousand varying ways and are combined to bring about fresh effects until the foundation form becomes a secondary matter and is well left to the representative of a leading house assured me that, in her estimation, the change possible was to return to simplicity. To-day when she showed me her latest models we both had a hearty laugh at the prediction. At that time it did seem that all that could be devised had already been shown, but the bright warm suns of spring will be combined with what is practically novelty in spite of the fact.

White, in all materials from cloth to muslin, is having an extended vogue. Two of the latest novelties are trimming of genuine Chinese embroideries in bands and English embroidery wrought into the material itself. The bands are superb in color and make a most striking effect, but must be genuine to be correct. A superb gown, to be worn to an early wedding, is of the finest satin-faced cloth in the tender grayish tone known as "Easter." The skirt is made with a full length front gore and slide and back gores lengthened by a circular flounce. The jacket is a blouse Eton with slightly flowing sleeves. Down each front seam and heading the flounce is a band of the embroidery in the warm rich colors of the Orient. Edging the sleeves, revers and collar is a similar finish and beneath the blouse is to be worn a waist of white tulle or crocheted over chiffon, the soft full sleeves of which appear at the wrist. A rival costume is of the same cloth in an ivory shade and shows variations only of pure white and deeper cream. The skirt is made with a graduated circular flounce. The jacket is a blouse with a collar that falls in jabots at the fronts. Down each seam of the skirt is embroidery, of the open-work sort, wrought into the cloth. The entire blouse, collar and cuffs are so enriched with the addition of medallions of deep cream Irish crochet set in here and there. Beneath the blouse is to be worn an accompanying waist of pure white crocheted with full front and under-sleeves of chiffon. Both gowns are elegant and each serves to exemplify a feature of the season. Luckily all things are not so ornate and elaborate as the summer wear velling is to have extended vogue. A really charming model is of dove gray and is trimmed only with silk bands in light and white. But, in spite of such encouraging examples white costumes take a prominent place. Taffeta, made on the severest tailor lines, is smart in the extreme and will rival cloth for wedding toilettes and all occasions of handsome daytime dress. These second groups being composed of the same cloth, but with a more delicate and less formal touch. The long coats and three-quarter coats, such as I told you of last week, are to be sure, exceedingly elegant and smart, but these are extra wraps, not parts of suits, and fill quite a different need.

Tucks have, apparently, increased in number, impossible as such a thing may have appeared to be. For some time past we have worn and have seen only those placed vertically. The latest vogue and gown are many of them, showing both those that take perpendicular and those that take horizontal lines. The needle-woman's art, consists of a seven-gored skirt and open blouse. The skirt is tucked in groups of three, each group and for its entire length. Round the lower edge, to flounce depth, are horizontal tucks, between which the spaces of their own width, that cross those at the seams, giving a checker-board effect. The blouse is tucked for its entire length, the tucks are so well lighted, each tuck and for its entire length. Round the lower edge, to flounce depth, are horizontal tucks, between which the spaces of their own width, that cross those at the seams, giving a checker-board effect. The blouse is tucked for its entire length, the tucks are so well lighted, each tuck and for its entire length. Round the lower edge, to flounce depth, are horizontal tucks, between which the spaces of their own width, that cross those at the seams, giving a checker-board effect.

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Continuous lines from skirt to waist also make a feature and tend to give the slender effect desired. Such narrow panels, or fronts, as I have just described are often apparently extended by being duplicated for the front of the blouse. An example is found in a blue velling which is finely tucked to give just that effect. In this case, and indeed practically with all gowns, the belt is as nearly inconspicuous as possible and is simply a bit of ribbon or a narrow band draped. Oriental effects are much sought.

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In addition to the Chinese embroideries of which I have spoken such combinations as are suggested by Indian fabrics are greatly in vogue. An ecru linen garment to turn over to illustrate what I mean, is made with stole collar, cuffs and an old skirt trimming of dull red canvas embroidered with black in odd lines, and another gown of gray shows embroidery in which black, red and yellow are all blended. The canvas model is beautiful and includes yoke and cuffs of white Swiss dotted with black and the same material, plaited, makes the ends of the collar. Cotton collars with lace and daintily embroidered by the way, are much used in combination with silk and wool and make an exquisite effect. I have seen whole collars on foulard gowns of white batiste elaborately embroidered by hand and some of the latest chemises are made of the same material with stock collars that are quite unlined. The effect is rarely dainty and deliciously feminine, almost too much so to be described in words, but to retain their perfection such accessories must be changed or replaced more frequently than is commonly the case. If they are to become at all, or even approximately general, the warning already uttered in regard to turn-over collars will need to be borne in mind. When perfectly fresh nothing could be lovelier, but rumpled in the least soiled, they are hopelessly out of taste. The chemises are surprisingly moderate in cost when one considers the labor involved and the removable can be cleaned without effort. These fine sheer batiste launders excellently well while the needle-work remains quite intelligent pressing to make it quite like new again. Such details as shirted yokes and attached cuffs are, however, quite another matter and must be wisely indulged in only when expert work can be commanded at all times as they must be removed from the gown to be cleaned.

For the time, tucked, box and side plaited skirts having much favor shown them and nothing could be better for the prevailing soft pliable materials. An exceedingly new model is laid in narrow box plaits, at the belt between which are spaces of equal width and which flare and make a wider space at the hem. Delightful effects are gained by tucking from the belt to flounce depth, such as have been described, are hung from snug yokes, while tuckings that simulate hip yokes are also numerous. The box plaits and side plaits are some what larger than the tucks and appear in flounces as well as full length skirts, but that statement by no means implies that tucks have fallen out. Such is far from being the fact. All that the plaits mean is additional range of choice, and they approach skirts for foulard or evening, has a deep graduated flounce laid in wide side plaits, another instance of the new model. The new model is a box plaited skirt, in which the tucks have fallen out. Such is far from being the fact. All that the plaits mean is additional range of choice, and they approach skirts for foulard or evening, has a deep graduated flounce laid in wide side plaits, another instance of the new model. The new model is a box plaited skirt, in which the tucks have fallen out. Such is far from being the fact. All that the plaits mean is additional range of choice, and they approach skirts for foulard or evening, has a deep graduated flounce laid in wide side plaits, another instance of the new model.

MAY MANTON.

Home of the Easter Lily.

There is a striking anomaly in the fact that Bermuda, the home of the Easter lily, was called, on its discovery, "the Isle of Devils." Although the lilies of Bermuda—the fields white with their satiny leaves, the heavy with their fragrance—have been known and loved by all visitors to the island since the first of the century, "Isles of summer," they did not become "Easter lilies" until recently, as they are called in the United States in that year by an American woman who brought a few plants to a Philadelphia florist. Charmed by the beauty of the flowers, the culti-vated the plant and the bulbs from the bulbs he had a number. Other florists purchased from him, then bulbs were imported from Bermuda, and now the lily is grown here profusely in all the households.

The tremendous growth in the last twenty-five years in the custom of celebrating Easter by decoration of churches and homes has made exportation of the bulbs, one of the principal industries of Bermuda, as the lily of that country became associated by "natural selection" with Easter. Its beautiful chalice, its delicacy of form and color, its mystic perfume all tend to suggest the fresh, pure beauty of spring and its herald Easter.

The lily fields are not exceedingly large, as a rule, and seldom contain more than a few acres. The largest bulbs are sent to London and New York, as they command the highest prices in those cities. The bulbs of medium size also are exported, the planters reserving only the smallest for their own use.

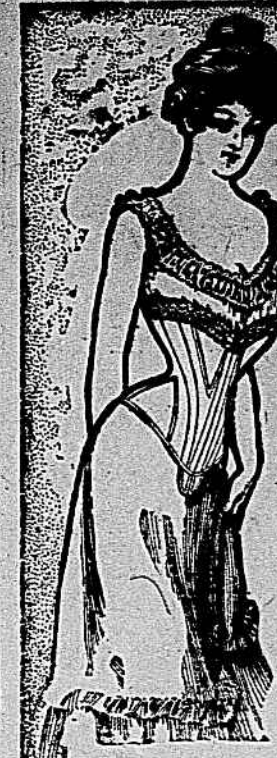
Easter Feastings.

Mrs. S. Tyson Rorer makes the following suggestions for an Easter luncheon and an Easter dinner.

YELLOW LUNCHEON.

While many choose violet there's no denying that glorious golden yellow is quite as much "the color of the delight-ful springtime." This brings your door-ole gold-decked chandelier play, and if your centerpiece shows embroidered yellow

WB ERECT FORM CORSETS



The Erect Form perfects an imperfect figure. Its lines are your lines. It follows the contour of the person, correcting ill grace here and there—but never inflicting harm or discomfort. You must have the special style meant just for you. Ask your dealer for your model.

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Largest Manufacturers of Corsets in the World 377-379 Broadway, New York
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posies so much the better. On it stand some dainty vase or jar in which is a wealth of golden narcissus—yellow roses are as handsome, but they are not in character. All this may be elaborated by carrying broad golden satin ribbons out to the corners, where sheaves of the blossoms are tied. Corsage bouquets and boutonnières may also be placed at each corner, which, as you see, is simply but artistically laid, the handsome polished table being bare save for the doilies. Here is the menu made out by Mrs. Rorer:

Turkish Soup.
Egg Croquettes.
With Potato Balls.
Broiled Chicken with Peas.
Cress and Lettuce Salad.
Charlotte on Sponge Cake.
Coffee.

Turkish soup is made by adding at the last moment the yolks of eggs to a stock which has rice in it. The egg croquettes are made in the place of fish, the whites chopped, while one whole yolk rests in the base of each croquette. The eggs are first hard-boiled. The spring salad should be served with a French dressing, not forgetting the parsley, tarragon, onion juice and rub of garlic. The plain Charlotte is served on a sponge-cake base, the latter being rich with eggs.

A VIOLET DINNER.

Fruit Cocktail à la Rorer.
Consomme.
Oyster Croquettes with Peas.
Sweetbread Pates.
Spring Lamb-Mint Sauce,
and Creamed Potatoes.
Asparagus Salad.
Creme de violette Charlotte.
Crackers—Camembert—Coffee.

In the fruit cocktail float candied violets and sliced strawberries, the base being of iced orange juice with powdered sugar. Oyster croquettes take the place of fish, the pates being in violet pate cups. Fresh violets deck the Charlotte, the cream being violet flavored. For the dinner the table is set as for the luncheon, only a fable cloth is added, with olive dishes and the like at discretion. But be sure and be discreet, overlooking anything is in such execrable taste. The violet centerpieces is mound-shaped, and violet decorations may be carried out in many ways.

Easter a Relic of Pagan Days.

Strange as it may seem, Eastertide, like Christmas, is a relic of pagan days. In former days, when the dawn of civilization was just beginning to break, that time of the year when winter was passing away and summer approaching, was made a period of festivity. The people made a game of the new form of faith, the new religion, and the new world of faith. In England the festival became known as "Easter" from the goddess Eostre, and in the eggs so widely looked upon as typical of Easter is a mark of the old legend of a bird that was changed

into a hare in the spring. It is perhaps in the Greek Church that the Easter ceremonies are most magnificent. On Good Friday the Church clothes itself in sackcloth and ashes. Black is everywhere displayed, lights are put out and bells silenced. On that day, amid solemn chanting, an embroidered tapestry of Christ is placed in a coffin. Shortly after midnight of the next day the churches are crowded with kneeling worshippers, the priest approaches the coffin, and announces that it is empty.

The scene that then follows beggars description. "Christ is risen," declares the priest, and the throng takes up the cry. The people embrace each other, crying, "Christ is risen," to which is replied, "He is risen indeed."

Meanwhile the priests have laid aside their sombre vestments, and clad in their gorgeous robes, gleaming with silver and gold and jewels, they march around the churches singing hymns of triumph. The silenced bells ring out the glad message, the priests raise their chants of praise, the people answer in joyous shouts.

This is Easter day ushered in the realms of the Czar of all the Russias.

An Easter Song.

The golden sun climbs up the sky,
The shadows flee away.
Oh, weary heart, forget to sigh,
God sends thee Easter Day!
Long was the night, chill was the air,
And grief and brooding long;
Yet is the new world white and fair,
Uplift thine Easter song!

The cross that bowed thee with its weight
By strength of prayer is stirred,
Till it shall bear thee soon or late,
As wings appear the bird.
The life that thrills from start to star
And beats in ead and stem,
They wait, the angels of the air,
And bless thee from them.

Wert thou cast down, wert thou dismayed,
Dear child of One above,
Behold the earth in light arrayed,
The light of deathless love.
Oh, listen to the Word that wakes,
In every budding flower,
And take the bread the Master breaks
In His triumphant hour.

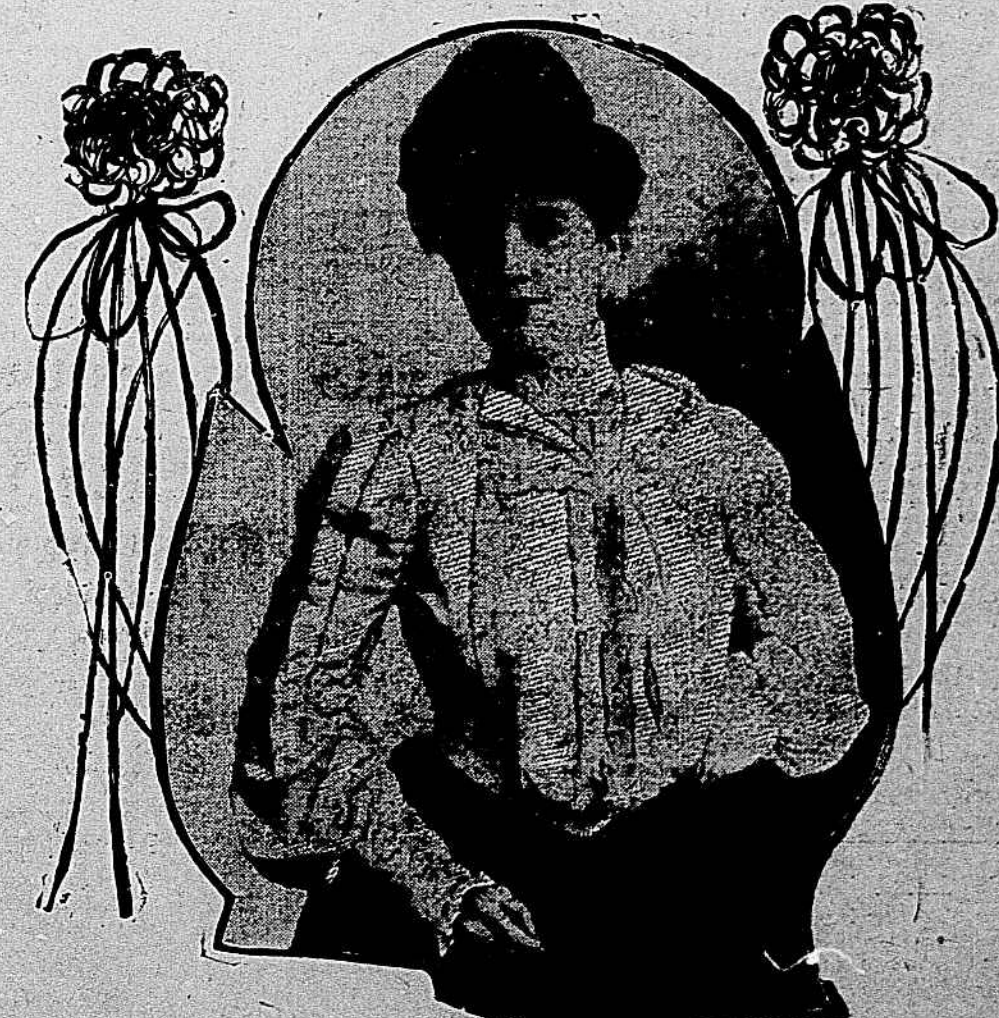
For those who hear, and hearing yearn,
The King hath secrets sweet:
Their hearts within them thrill and burn,
They wait, the angels of the air,
Then swift the sun climbs up the sky,
The shadows flee away.
Oh, weary heart, forget to sigh,
God sends thee Easter Day!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Way Out.

A small girl told a falsehood. Her mother with great dignity led the youthful offender to the library, and sitting down beside her said: "You know, Katharine, grandma has gone to heaven and papa has gone to heaven. But if you tell untruths you cannot go to heaven with them. You will have to go to the other place."

The little maiden looked very grave for a moment, and then said: "Was a great word, mamma, and come to the other place, too."



WAIST WITH THE NEW SLEEVE.

Sleeves are the hall mark of new models. This one made of pink liberty silk with front and blouse enriched by figol stitched in white silk; has one of the most liked of the new sleeves.